Pakistan

CHANGING ROLE OF WOMEN

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the medical missionary

EDITORIAL — 101
Sister M. Angelica

WOMAN'S MISSION IN THE MODERN WORLD — 101
Mother Anna Dengel

WOMEN OF TOMORROW — 103
Ann Stafford

NEW VALUES IN INDIA — 108
Nirmal Tanden

CHANGING ROLE OF WOMEN IN GHANA — 110
Jean Gartlan

WOMEN IN EAST PAKISTAN — 113
Sister M. Angela

SAY IT IN PUSHTU — 118
Sister M. Daniel

KHUDA HAFIZ, PAKISTAN — 120
Sister M. Campion

LETTER FROM A MEDICAL RECORD LIBRARIAN — 122
Sister M. Pierre

MISSION BOOKS — 124
Sister M. Fabian

CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC — 132
Sister M. Cuthbert

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EDITORIAL

In most societies of the East and in Africa the changing position of women is an essential feature of our times. Women make up more than half of humanity, and in many countries outnumber men, yet for centuries have been treated as inferior. In the past 20 years, however, we have seen revolutionary changes in their position in both East and West. In the underdeveloped countries, the influence of the small minority of educated women is beginning to be felt to a degree undreamed of a generation ago. Their cooperation in many important matters such as care of children, improvements in food and hygiene, education, is vital for the building of a better world. As we look over the modern world of today, while we can see the immense good arising from the awakening of womanhood in every corner, we can also see that false notions of progress, materialistic views, and feminism, all militate against woman's true role in the family and in political life today. Here, Christian women have a great part to play and much to contribute to their sisters of all nations, if they live up to their ideals and mission.

Woman's Mission in the Modern World

Mother Anna Dengel, M. D.

In my opinion, the mission of the Catholic woman in the modern world is to be a "Catholic Woman" in the true sense of the word, in whatever walk of life or environment she may be. This requires the understanding of the nature of woman and the meaning of Catholic.

God created the human race male and female — *half and half* so to say, to complement each other physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually. Both have the same eternal destiny but a different temporal one. The endowments and traits of *each* are according to the God-given purpose of *each*. To deviate from the God-given purpose or to frustrate it, leads to a useless struggle, to dissatisfaction sooner or later and ultimately to a hollowness and emptiness of life which makes for unhappiness.

Today many women in the Western world are unhappy. Why? Because their lives are deviated from their God-meant function: We know that woman's most

unmistakable function is motherhood—physical motherhood of course, which is the organic upbuilding of the body of Christ — but also motherhood in a broader and more universal spiritual sense applicable to every woman with its alterecentric qualities of love, devotion and selfless service. Women are the Mothers of humanity, nursing and nurturing it, ennobling and refining it, not *ruling* but *guiding* it. This in a nutshell seems to me her mission as a woman at present, as it has been in the past and will be in the future.

Let us dwell now on the word 'Catholic.' Catholic women, here means that they are members of the Catholic Church, baptized, confirmed, enlightened by faith and instruction, guided by definite principles, bound by laws of their state of life, supported by tradition and the example of Our Lady and that of many good and holy women of past ages. And most important of all, sustained and enriched by the sacramental system of the Church and in numerous other ways of grace.

Much of this presupposes knowledge, moral strength and spirituality. On the acquiring of the necessary knowledge, on the developing of moral strength and depth of spirituality, plus the preserving of the God-given womanly traits and endowments, hinges to my mind the Catholic woman's greatest responsibility today.

Womanhood in some ways is in danger nowadays of losing instead of winning. Catholic women can and must be on the winning side. — As regards knowledge, in the past ages, that acquired by tradition and example seemed to produce very good results, but our age requires more. We are no longer carried along by a predominantly Christian civilization, but are living in an era of watered-down Christianity, of indifference, of confusion, of disregard of the past, of uprootings and global convulsions. We must know what is right in this chaos, and cling to it with strength of character. This is not easy amid the materialism, the economic pressure and emotional strains, the superficiality that comes from the impact of a multiplicity of impressions.

We need spirituality to see true and lasting values, to act with supernatural motives, to persevere in doing what is right in spite of all that goes on around us in a *semi* or almost pagan world.

God's Providence has put our life span in an era which either drags us down to low levels of culture, morality, and religion, or forces us to heights of noble womanliness, sound and clear knowledge, strong character and deep spirituality.

Women who possess these qualities will be a light that brightens and warms a darkened world grown cold. They will be a life-renovating sap that will reach every cell of the great body of humanity.

The power of women is much greater than they themselves suspect and it can be increased indefinitely for good or for bad.

If we have well-informed Catholic women of strong character and deep spirituality, we will have good mothers, good fathers, good children, good priests and religious, good statesmen, honest business men, conscientious workmen, in other words we will be living in a happier and more peaceful world and reach our eternal destiny more easily and more surely.

Women of Tomorrow

Ann Stafford

August, 1957: The great horseshoe amphitheatre of the Sala Santitham, Bangkok — the last word in international conference halls — looked like a herbaceous border, so brilliant were the silks and saris of the women from fifteen Asian nations who had come to attend the Seminar organized by the U.N.O. on the Civic Responsibilities and Increased Participation of Asian Women in Public Life.

Burma, Cambodia, China (or rather, Formosa), Hong Kong, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Malaya, Nepal, Pakistan, the Philippines, Sarawak, Singapore and Thailand had all sent participants, for in all these countries women now have the vote, and politics and the professions are open to them. Fifteen non-governmental organizations sent observers; they included the Associated Countrywomen of the World, the Young Women's Christian Association, the World Association of Girl Guides, the World Women's Christian Temperance Union, the International Union of Business and Professional Women, and four Catholic bodies: Pax Romana, the World Federation of Catholic Young Women and Girls, the World Union of Catholic Women's Organizations, and the Catholic International Union for Social Service at whose behest I was there. And I think I was the only European present.

When I looked over my programme, I realized that the U.N.O. had indeed gathered together some of the most able women in the East. India had sent a member of Parliament and of the Constituent Assembly, a quick-witted person, never at a loss for a word; Cambodia, a Professor of Primary Education, distinguished by the quiet chic of her national costume and her sound common sense. Japan's participant, always incisive, quick to make a point, was Chief of the Women's Section in the Ministry of Labor. Pakistan had sent the editor-proprietor of a newspaper, most lovely to look at, and extraordinarily well-informed. The Philippines delegate was the Executive Vice President of the Women's University, always exquisitely dressed, always ready to steer the most difficult discussions and to put order into the most verbose resolutions. In fact, as I got to know them, I found they were all brilliant, sophisticated women, widely read and widely traveled, each not only well able to hold her own in discussions with world experts, but also remarkable for her integrity and independence of mind.

By the time we got through the first few sessions, I realized that these Asian women were not only just as capable as, but even more capable than,

many of their Western sisters whose debates I had so often listened to in Europe.

I had wondered whether we should have a spate of brilliant theory, unrelated to practical problems: I found that whatever these women were discussing, politics, literacy, health and hygiene, they were always concerned with giving sound ideas a practical expression. It was no use talking about civic rights and good citizenship, they all agreed, unless the great mass of the feminine population could be made to see that citizenship begins in the home. First, the women must see their responsibilities in the home; then they must learn to look outwards, and realize that better homes would come through cooperation with other homemakers. Only in this way could they see that society as a whole is the setting in which and through which all may come to have better homes and a fuller and happier life. In the same way, it was idle to try and teach the illiterate to read and write unless these skills were linked with other skills, home management, cooking, sewing, child-care, even food production, which should tend to raise the standard of life and appeal at once to people's desire to better themselves.

For these women see the home, the family, as the basic unit of society: there can be no such thing as a good state unless it is founded upon good homes. This point seems to stand out even in the dry and formal record of the proceedings.

But there was another point, on which they kept insisting, the importance of religion. It does not appear so clearly in the official summary; yet when I look at my own notes, taken at the time, I see how constantly it kept recurring. Over and over again, someone would take the microphone and say that the women of the East are very religious. Hindus, Buddhists, Muslims, Christians, all were as one on that. However divergent their creeds, they agreed on the basic principle: there is a God; He made the universe; by His Law, all men are bound, and no true happiness, no true progress, is possible if religion is left aside.

In fact, all their criticism of the West — and they made many — were directed against the break-up of the family and the increasing indifference to religion which they had noticed for themselves on their travels.

But though they were critical of the West, they were never bitter; in fact, all the proceedings were pervaded by a spirit of generosity. I shall never forget the way the Korean participant turned to Japan and said: "Though we are glad the Japanese domination is over, yet we are grateful for the many things you taught us." Still less shall I forget the courtesy with which so many delegates came up to see me after I had made an intervention, to say how pleased they were to find that we were agreed upon so many vital points, and how Burma added: "Of course we are glad to be independent, but we still have much to learn from you . . ."

It was as if they all felt that the times are evil and the one great new factor is the slow emergence of millions of women in the East, whose influence, if rightly used, may well be dynamic enough to redeem the times.

But of course, these highly educated women of the Seminar represented a tiny elite. Behind them, there is, in most nations, a growing professional

class; women are training everywhere as teachers, doctors, nurses or civil servants. And behind them again, there is a much larger group of women, living in fairly easy circumstances who have at least a smattering of education. But even added together, these three groups are very small compared with the total population of women, women so often borne down by excessive childbearing, inert from ill-health and hunger, preoccupied only with the day to day problems of feeding and bringing up their families, that great mass of women to whom all these newly given civic rights can as yet mean absolutely nothing.

So when I left Bangkok, I wanted to see for myself something of the conditions under which they lived and get some idea of how much all the high-sounding schemes I had heard discussed amounted to in practice. And I had the chance of visiting Cambodia and Vietnam, Burma and Pakistan.

Cambodia is a Buddhist country; though there has been a French mission at work since 1755 or so, there are only three thousand odd Cambodian Catholics out of a population of about five million. But Buddhism has taught the people to think more of the will of Almighty God than of material possessions. As an earnest Cambodian magistrate said to me: "We are contented here, because our society is founded on religion and

the family."

It is perhaps easy to be contented in Cambodia, for like Thailand, Burma and Vietnam, it is extremely fertile; it can easily support its population. And there is no slum problem; you rarely find people herded together in grossly insanitary conditions. And though rice is an exacting crop, no one need starve. But there is an urgent need for improved medical services, which the Government, in conjunction with World Health, is trying to meet. Worms, malaria, T.B. seem to be the worst pests; but the maternal and infant mortality rate is very high indeed, though no exact figures are available.

Women in general do not take any very active interest in these problems; they are extremely home-bound. And though she runs her home, looks after her husband's interest, has a little business of her own as like as not, she is reluctant to be drawn into the big welfare schemes, the newly revived Red Cross and the *Entre-Aide Feminine*. The latter exists largely to provide child-welfare clinics, not only in Phnom Penh, the capital, but in all the larger centers. But the work is handicapped for lack of voluntary helpers. Very few women respond to an appeal for workers. Nor do they willingly take up nursing as a career; they marry young and leave jobs outside the home to their husbands. The idea of giving personal service to the poor just does not seem to make sense to the majority of Cambodian women; you find it only among the few evoluees, who have been educated in French schools and universities.

In Vietnam, the picture is completely different, perhaps because the Catholic population is now twelve per cent of the total, and for years the Church has been setting the pace as regards the service of the poor and the education of the children. But although so many of the social services, old people's homes, convalescent homes, orphanages, and so on, are officially entrusted to the Church, the women of Vietnam are energetic, idealistic and rapidly gaining a considerable influence. A woman deputy (of whom there are six) assured me that even in the last election, *'Les Femmes ont beaucoup decide.'* As in Cambodia, women go in for business, though only in a small way. And whereas a few years ago, only a few mandarin families sent their girls to the smart Catholic French-medium schools, the majority of the pupils today come from middle class homes.

When I met and talked with a group of women at the top of their professions, they echoed the women I met at Bangkok: "a just society," they said, "must be founded on sound moral principles; you cannot have a good society unless you have good homes." And though they differed in their religious beliefs, they were agreed on that basic fact: religion matters.

One of them said: "I think we women are clearer about the difference between right and wrong than men." Another added: "We know that corruption is not only wrong — it is not practical." Vivid, dynamic people, the women of Vietnam; they combine a bent for abstract speculation, a love of philosophy or theology, with good practical ability.

On my way home, I stopped off to lecture for the British Council in Rangoon, so I was put in touch with the Burmese ladies who are trying, through a whole network of women's organizations, to bring an understanding of

civic responsibility, education, hygiene and so on, to the poor. For there is the usual gulf in Burma between the educated minority and the illiterate majority. There is no hunger problem, no acute population pressure; and as it is a Buddhist country, the people tend to be content with things the way they are; they have enough — why should they want more? So, as one of the most eminent Burmese ladies told me, "We have not only to show women that better conditions for home life are possible, but we have to teach women to want them."

Intensely practical and profoundly moral in outlook, the ladies of Burma are very sensitive to social injustice and have a great sense of their personal responsibility . . . I talked to women doctors, women magistrates, women social workers and women writers. And they all had this terribly serious outlook.

Well-balanced, sensible extroverts, the women of Burma, I thought as I left to fly to Pakistan across the Bay of Bengal. And almost at once, I was aware of a dramatic change. In Pakistan, famine is a constantly recurring problem; I was told that about seventy per cent of the population is permanently undernourished. Here, the population pressure is acute, and where there is a concentration of industry, the living conditions of the poor are hard to imagine.

And in Dacca, at any rate, I seldom saw a woman in the street. Here purdah lingers: even "emancipated" women go out to tea with each other swathed in the burkha, that shapeless garment in which they are half smothered, and out of which they peer through eye hole slits. Yet educated women are slowly beginning to exert some influence. Encouraged by U.N.O., by their own All-Pakistan Women's Association and helped by the wives of westerners on the staffs of embassies, missions and big business concerns, they are beginning to undertake voluntary work, particularly in education.

I flew down to more sophisticated West Pakistan. Here they have a far more highly organized and more influential section of the All-Pakistan Women's Association, which is responsible for literally dozens of projects to improve conditions among women and children. Women here have a tremendous sense of social justice and a great interest in social problems; every problem they tackle is studied most thoroughly, and the work is then planned for two or three years ahead. Some professional social workers are employed, and there are excellent schemes for mobilizing voluntary helpers to work with them . . . . .

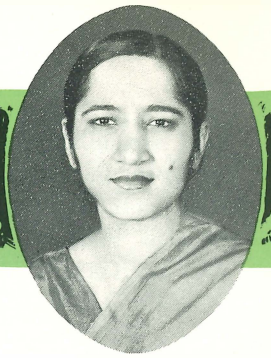
During my three months' tour, I must have met and talked with hundreds of women, of every different type; I certainly saw dozens of projects, and I came home feeling that the women of the Far East do represent a new and most wholesome influence. About essentials, they speak with one voice: in Pakistan, Burma, Vietnam, even little Cambodia, they all said the same thing: "You can have no good society unless it is founded upon religion and the family."

"It is so important," one of the leading women of Burma said to me, "that women should learn to stand together and speak with one voice; if we do, the men will have to listen." But if the enlightened women of the East

(Continued Page 117)

New Values in India

by Nirmal Tanden, M.D.



Dr. Nirmal Tanden, who comes from New Delhi, India, is presently specializing in Pathology at Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is a great pleasure for me to have been asked to write a few words on the role of women in modern India. For the sake of comparison, I will go back to early periods as most changes in the life of Indian women have occurred in the last 30 years.

According to Manu, the earliest exponent of law, the legal position of women was definitely inferior. Socially they were always dependent on someone else — on her father before marriage, on her husband after marriage, and on her son when her husband died. Paradoxically, some women have always occupied an honored place in the home and in society. Very often, one reads in the Hindu literature, "Where woman is honored, the gods dwell." Bad as the legal position of women was in ancient India, it was far better than in ancient Greece, Egypt, and Rome. One comes across few names of Indian women who achieved prominence in those early days. Would it not, therefore, be correct to say that women had been suppressed under custom and law for which man was responsible, and in the shaping of which she had no hand?

Customs and conditions vary widely and one must remember that India is a land of diversity and vastness. In spite of advances in some sections, there are still homes in India today where woman is very much a dependent person almost completely subservient to the man of the house, where her position is no better than it was a hundred years ago.

At the same time there are homes where woman is virtually the head of the family around which everything and everyone "revolves" and moves.

Then there are the great majority of Indian women — peasant women who live as they have been living for centuries — working in the fields and in their own home. Their overwhelming problems are hunger and sickness, without any thought for their status!

Moving on to modern times, we can easily see that the role of the woman in India today is to be the companion of man, gifted with equal mental capacities, as well as mother and wife, in which role she has always shown great wisdom and understanding. Whereas the wife of 20 years ago would have referred to her husband as "he" or "the child's father," the wife of today dares to address him by name — even in front of her mother-in-law.

The following are the broad areas where changes are most significant:

Education

Compared to even the early part of the 20th century, when very few women went beyond the primary school stage, one meets with thousands of women today (although still the smaller por-

tion) who have attained high academic qualifications and are actively engaged as teachers, doctors, and social workers.

Purdah

One of the most unfortunate developments that took place in India was the growth of *purdah,* or the seclusion of women. *Purdah* seems to have grown up in India during Moghul times. No clear reason is available as to why this development took place. Whatever the past, it is a healthy sign to see more and more women breaking away from this old custom and taking an active role both in family and national deliberations. *Purdah* has impeded this development in the past but modern India will not tolerate it for long.

Marriage and the Dowry System

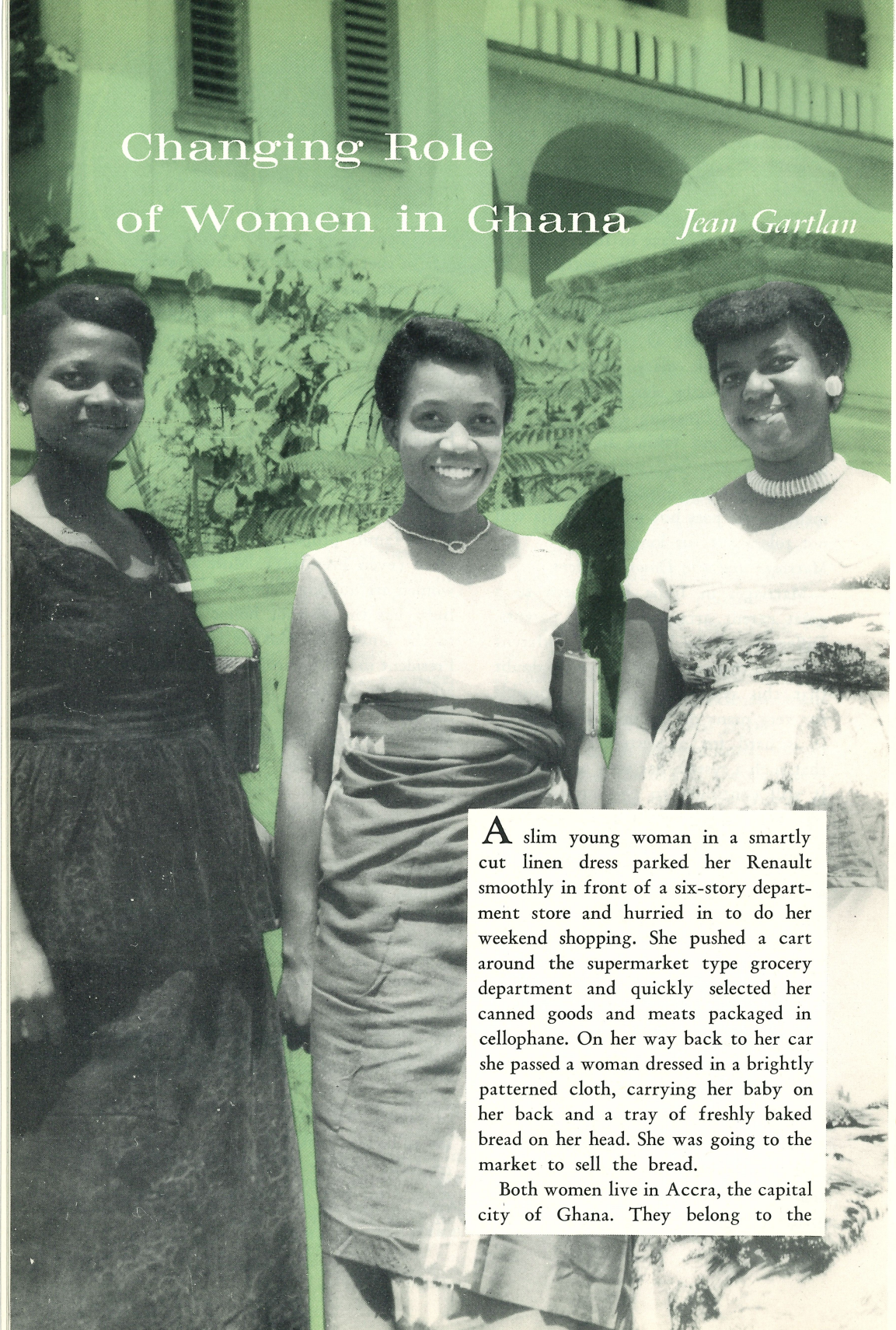
Marriages in India have been to a great extent arranged by the parents. Different people have given different names to this custom. There is no doubt that this system has been responsible for very many of the miseries of today. It is hard for a westerner to realize that such a system has gone on for ages. It still continues to this present day, but younger generations of men and women have expressed a great deal of resentment against it. Some girls now even have the audacity to fall in love with a boy and marry him!

The dowry, one of the greatest blots on India's name, is also very much connected with the prearranged marriage custom. The parents of the girl have to offer a dowry or a "price" to get a good young husband for their daughter. In my opinion this has been a strong factor in lowering the status of women. This system must go. Marriage must cease to be a matter of arrangement made by parents for money. There is no doubt that any man who makes the dowry the only condition of marriage, discredits his education and his country, and also dishonors womanhood. Gradually public opinion is building up against it and there is a bill now before the Indian Parliament to ban the dowry. I firmly believe that as long as the dowry system does not disappear the position, and hence the role of women in India cannot rise to its true and rightful dignity.

Ever since India became independent, 13 years ago, great improvements have been taking place. The constitution of India gives equal rights to woman as to man — the right to vote, right to adequate means of livelihood, the right to equal pay, right to an equal share in the family property, the right to any office (even President). More and more women are holding responsible positions. India has the distinct honor of giving to the United Nations its first woman President in 1954, Sarojini Waidu. There are women members in the Indian Parliament. There are also women like Madame Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, high commissioner to the U.K. and Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, Health Minister of India, until 1959. Women of India have taken part in India's fight for independence and the names of Kamla Nehru, Sorojini Naidu and Ghansi Ki Rani will forever exist in history in connection with India's freedom fight. Scores of them went to jail along with men. I might mention also that in a country where 70% of the population lives in sub-human conditions, thousands of women selflessly engage in social welfare work to better the conditions of others. All these developments lead me to believe that in the future women of India will be playing a bigger and more vital role in shaping the destiny of their country — modern India.

Changing Role of Women in Ghana

Jean Gartlan



A slim young woman in a smartly cut linen dress parked her Renault smoothly in front of a six-story department store and hurried in to do her weekend shopping. She pushed a cart around the supermarket type grocery department and quickly selected her canned goods and meats packaged in cellophane. On her way back to her car she passed a woman dressed in a brightly patterned cloth, carrying her baby on her back and a tray of freshly baked bread on her head. She was going to the market to sell the bread.

Both women live in Accra, the capital city of Ghana. They belong to the

same tribe and when they were born their families no doubt performed the same ceremonies. One was educated in England and the other is illiterate; and they illustrate the one generalization that can safely be made about women in Ghana: Their lives differ greatly and are changing rapidly.

Many women live in villages in much the same manner as their great grandmothers did. They carry water for their household needs in containers on their heads, sweep their mud floors with bundles of straw tied loosely together, squat over an outdoor fire to cook their meals. They neither read nor write. When they have their babies it is with the aid of old women of the village, often counseled by the fetish priest, and the help can be both excruciatingly painful as well as permanently damaging. No wonder the infant mortality rate used to be from 50% to 80%.

However, the women are seeing changes come to their villages and although the lives of the older ones may not be greatly affected those of the younger ones will. There is, for example, a village about 60 miles from Accra which until 15 years ago had little contact with the outside world. It is still primitive by some standards but there is a Catholic church, two schools and a clinic run by Sisters and a lay woman doctor. Agatha, one of the village girls, started to work with the doctor, as a general helper, or in the local parlance, "doctor's girl." She translated for her in the clinic and went on "house visits" in the village, explaining the local customs and helping her to become acquainted with the people and their life. Through this association with the doctor, Agatha also learned many things and developed a desire to continue her schooling and become a nurse. More important perhaps than the desire to improve her education was the development of her natural kindness and sympathy and the determination to help her own people.

Now Agatha is a student at Holy Family Nurses' Training School in Berekum, run by the Medical Mission Sisters. When she finishes her training and returns to her village it would be hard to overestimate her potential influence in changing and improving it. Another of the village girls is now in secondary school in Accra — the first girl of her family to have any education at all. A third, the granddaughter of the fetish priest, is in the native diocesan sisterhood. She is perhaps the most revolutionary woman in her village.

A modest young girl who received all her education after she entered the convent, neither she nor the other African sisters with her would consider themselves leaders in the struggle for women's rights. However, they are. In dedicating their lives to the service of the Lord, some of them over the extreme and at times violent opposition of their families, they are a living testimony of a woman's worth as an individual and of her right to choose for herself what she will do with her life.

It is of course, Christianity, in stressing the worth of each individual as a child of God, which has helped to raise the position of women in African society. Women are considered essentially inferior and a husband never treats his wife as an equal. In Ghana, the position of women has been something of a paradox, for, while they have suffered the disadvantages of polygamy

and the abuses surrounding the "marriage palaver," they have at the same time traditionally held an important position in the community. The Queen Mother, for example, holds a position approximate to that of the Chief. Inheritance is through the female line.

The "mammy traders" — women who carry on most of the country's retail business in the markets — are an economic force in the community. The Accra market women have also been a political force as the active supporters of Prime Minister Nkrumah's Convention Peoples Party. Women have the vote and there are women members of the Legislative Assembly.

As they have become educated, women have expanded their activities beyond farming and trading and are teachers, nurses, policewomen and now airline stewardesses. There are a few doctors and lawyers. It is interesting that they have not had the difficulties in being accepted on an equal footing professionally with men, that women in the "more developed" societies often experience.

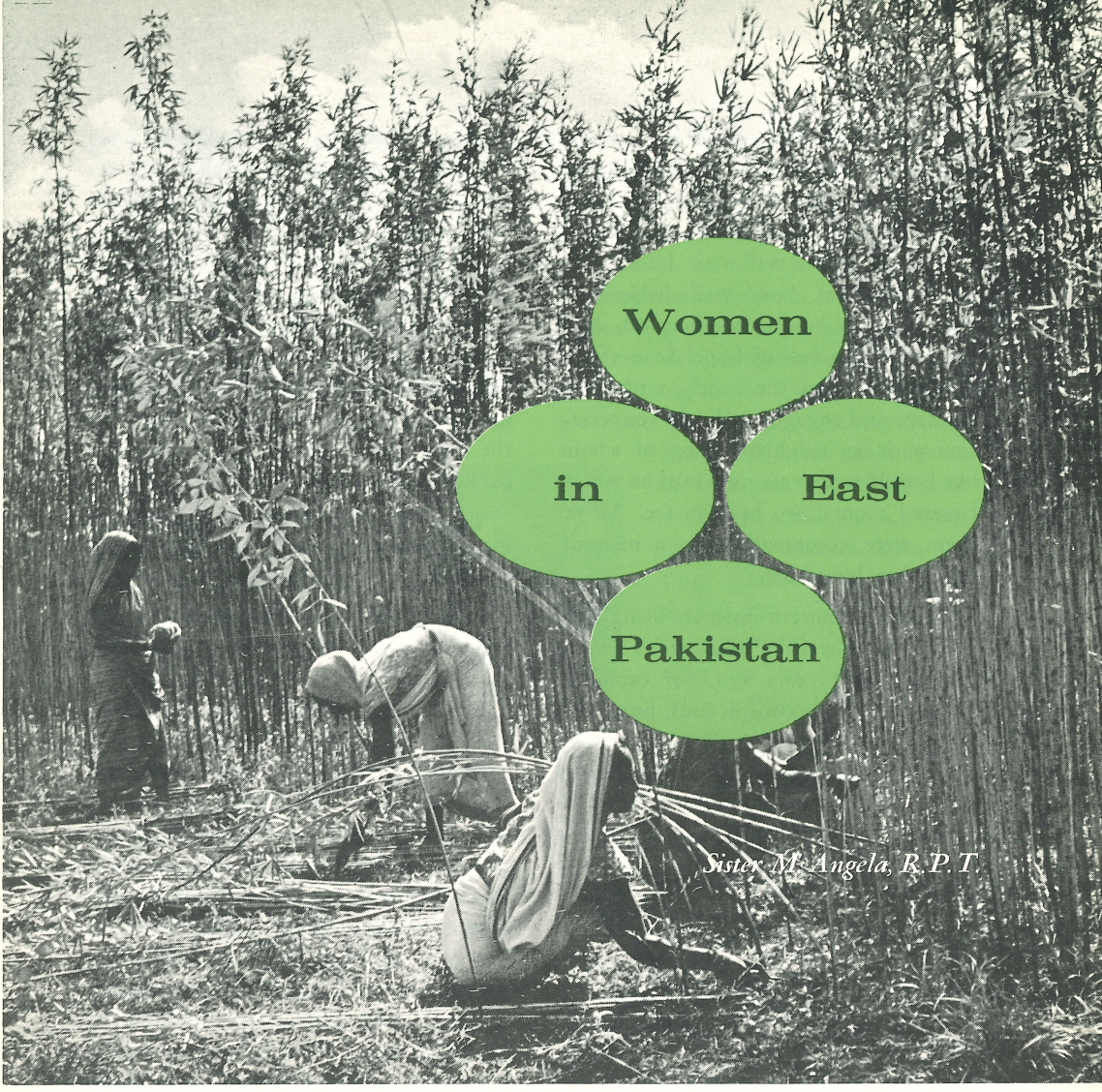
Most women in Ghana work outside their homes. The major reason is financial, but it might also be called the custom of the country. Women have always been expected to contribute to the income of the family. In the older polygamous society, wives were a source of income. Today, the extended family system, by which the family obligations go far beyond the basic family unit of mother, father, and children, often makes it necessary for the wife to contribute to the family income.

Finally, in a newly independent country, where trained people are at a premium, there is the additional motive for an educated woman to work to contribute to the development of the country. This is particularly true of teachers.

The question of working mothers raises the same issues of welfare of children and family in Ghana as in other countries and people are beginning to be concerned about it. It was, for instance, one of the questions that kept recurring in the workshops of the seminar held by the World Union of Catholic Women's Organizations in Lome in 1958.

However, the problem of working mothers is just one aspect of the fundamental one of developing true Christian family life. This question is as vital for the village women as it is for the more educated in the towns, but it is perhaps more difficult for the latter. While they are removed from the more rigid observance of the tribal customs, their homes are still influenced by them and at the same time by the materialistic standards of Western "civilization." These issues are not solely feminine, obviously, but it is the women who are striving the hardest to find the solutions. Thus women in Ghana are finding that although their interests and activities have extended into many fields, their primary concern is still the home; and it is through their homes that they will make the greatest contribution to the stability and future of their country.

Jean Gartlan recently returned to the United States after having worked three years for the Catholic Mission in Accra where she edited the News Bulletin and played an active role with the Women's Organization.



This morning I watched Fatimah Bibi walking shyly and gracefully behind her husband on the way to our morning dispensary. Later I discovered that she came from a small village south of Dacca. This was her first journey beyond the sheltering walls of her compound. Since her marriage in her early teens, she has been content to remain close to the four walls of her home, cooking and caring for her family. "Fatimah, what brings you here today?" I asked. But she was too shy to explain. Her husband told me sadly, "We have had five children but now none are living."

Of course, no one had ever told Fatimah that mosquitoes carry malaria, or that flies spread infection and cholera; nor did she realize that the water in which she washes her dishes has been polluted by a drainage ditch entering

the pond. All she knows is that she desperately wants the baby she will soon have to live, and to be well. A cousin of hers living in the village-aid settlement (which we will visit later) sent her reports of how well babies are taken care of here at the hospital. And Fatimah came full of hope. Soon afterwards she sat on the bench, uncovered her face and engaged in lively conversation with her neighbors, most of whom like herself were wearing a burkha which covered them from head to toe. All of them were accompanied by a man of their own household.

Gradually more women are being seen abroad. At the first Industrial Fair we attended five years ago, for example, Sister and I were conspicuous, being the only women present. At today's fair, about one-tenth of the enormous crowd are women.

These customs stem from "purdah," which in Persian means anything acting as a screen. This seclusion of women has been traditional in Muslim countries. The fierce Arab tribesmen guarded their women jealously and the custom has been strictly adhered to for many centuries. The *Koran,* however, merely advises "women believers to cast down their eyes and to keep their modesty and not to display their beauty." The Prophet, in fact, instructed men to consult their wives in affairs of moment. His own wife Ayesha mounted a camel and led troops to battle.

Muslim Arabs brought this custom of *purdah* into India when they came as early as 711 A.D. During the great Moghul dynasty which controlled the sub-continent for some two-hundred years, 1526 to 1707, the impact of Muslim culture was profound and the seclusion of women was copied by the Hindus. In 1757 Bengal fell to Clive and Great Britain gradually assumed control of India. Muslims, no longer in power and a minority group, naturally emphasized traditions to preserve their distinct cultural identity. So while Hindu women gradually dropped *purdah,* and entered schools in increasing numbers, their Muslim sisters were for the most part content to remain in the background.

Then, in August 1947, the Indian Sub-Continent was divided into India and Pakistan. Millions of refugees accumulated in make-shift camps. In the momentous task of building Pakistan into a great nation every citizen had to be counted on. In the 1947 emergencies, women had a choice to make between comfort and seclusion, and service to their country. The educated women responded magnificently under the inspired leadership of Begum Liaquat Ali Khan. She and her friends set to work at once visiting refugee camps, collecting and distributing food, clothing, medicines; comforting and alleviating sufferings with any means at their disposal.

As a result, in 1949, the All Pakistan Women's Association (APWA as it is commonly known) was founded. Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, first president-elect, precisely and beautifully outlined the role women would play in building the new nation.

"I do not mean to disparage the politicians or statesmen who have great responsibilities to shoulder when I say that it is the simple acts of goodness and helpfulness which provide the foundation on which the superstructure of national glory or international peace and

prosperity can be raised . . . According to the teachings of Islam the unselfish service of mankind is the highest act of virtue. Service and sacrifice has been the distinctive badge of Eastern women. Through years of neglect they have not had the opportunity of displaying these virtues on a wider scale in the service of the nation. With the advent of freedom opportunities have again come their way . . ."

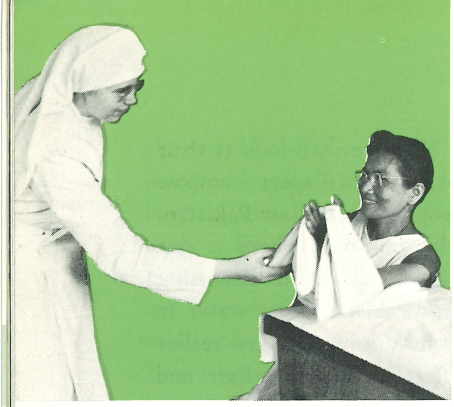
Thus it is that the interest shown by Pakistani women in social work began we might say with Pakistan itself.

There is an active branch of APWA in Dacca and another in Khulna in East Pakistan. They operate milk distribution centers in conjunction with CARE. Before Holy Family Hospital, Dacca, was opened a group helped to sew and mark the hospital linen. In Khulna they have founded primary schools where some volunteer to teach poor children. Promising students have access to scholarship funds.

In 1956, APWA was especially active in supporting the report made by the "Marriage and Family Laws Commission," which recommended, among other things, the foundation of Matrimonial Courts — a second wife being permitted in the lifetime of the first only by permission of the court. And those who failed to register marriage and/or divorces would be liable to a five hundred rupee fine. In 1957, however, the committee was dissolved. But the conditions are still being studied and a new committee has been appointed.

We must realize that the women most active in these movements are: first, the educated townswomen and secondly, that more *West* than *East* Pakistanis are involved. Now we shall look at their village sisters, since villagers compose 98% of the population in East Pakistan. Before we do, however, there is one point to be made clear. In discussing anything about Pakistan from water to women it is most important to realize the great difference between East and West. Flying from Karachi to Dacca one passes from a dry country where the camel is the main means of transport (of tall women with high cheekbones, wearing baggy trousers, loose fitting blouses and a scarf draped across their shoulders) to a country of huge rivers, where in the rain, transport from village to village and house to house is by boat (and the women are short, small-featured and wear saris). Western, Urdu-speaking, Pakistan is oriented towards the middle East; Eastern, Bengali-speaking, Pakistan is part of South East Asia.

The Bengali Muslims are conservative, deeply rooted in tradition and very isolated due to poor communications. They are a simple and self-sufficient people. From ancient times villages have supplied all their own needs. Any dispute or village affair is, settled by an assembly of local elders, called the panchayat, which forms the foundation for Field Marshal Mohammed Ayub Khan's "basic democracies." Each council with elected and appointed representatives will represent 10,000 people. Working without salary they will be expected to levy local taxes, operate police forces and register births and deaths. In the Constitution women were given equal franchise with men. And although they may have been covered with a burkha,



Sister M. Angela with patient in Physiotherapy Dept., Holy Family Hospital, Dacca, E. Pakistan.

East Pakistani women sorting bags made from jute for marketing.

they were eager and enthusiastic voters in the December 1959 elections.

A most important contribution to the village people of Pakistan is being made by the village-aid program functioning under the Pakistan government with the assistance of the United States Government. Tejgaon development area just north of our hospital here, serves 177 villages having a population of 1,467 per square mile. Let us look at the model village. Everywhere — its neat rows of bamboo houses, its farm gardens kept by members of the youth club, there — signs of improvement and activity.

The villagers are proudest of the school house which they helped to build, contributing half of the funds. In the evening men returning from the fields may meet their wives returning from a literacy class. One woman was heard to call out, "I learned more this afternoon than you will tonight. I can write my name."

At present there are 14 women workers going out in two's and three's from Tajgaon center to surrounding villages. "In the beginning there are no community social affairs. Usually only a very few women will get together at once. And workers must go from compound to compound," said Mrs. Starbird, director of Daulatpur center. A club will start with three or four members. After awhile, however, there are groups of women learning to read and write, to sew, the simple facts of nutrition and health. Soon basking in this new era of enlightenment the women will be busily engaged in keeping better homes, raising healthier children and improving the life of their community.

In 1951, shortly after partition, four per cent of the women of East Pakistan were literate. By 1951, however, the figure has risen to between five and six per cent, and 23% of the school population today is girls. Studying the statistics furnished by the Board of Education it is interesting to note the division of the girls into different classes: 46% of the pupils in Class I are girls. The figure drops to 17.8% in Class II. And after Class V (marriageable age of the early teens) the figure drops to 3%. So the ranks are pretty thin by the time the young women reach Class X, 1.6%. A fairly average clipping from the paper states that out of 1,020 students taking matriculation exams in Kishoreganj there are 36 girls.

During Education Week, observed February 14-20, 1960, far reaching changes in the field of education were decided upon. Definite plans were made

Mother M. Benedict chats with a purdah woman. Note veil thrown back. Dacca, E. Pakistan.

Women learning to sew on machines at community center, Tejgaon, E. Pakistan.

to establish multi-purpose and vocational schools.

To realize these new improvements in education, however, 76,000 teachers will be needed in the next five years. An estimated 52,000 trained teachers will be available. Thus the schools will still depend on untrained teachers which comprise nearly one-half of the personnel. Of these teachers, trained and untrained, about five per cent are women.

Another sphere calling for the selfless service of East Pakistani women is the field of nursing. That nurses are urgently needed can be judged from the fact that there are only about 200 grades A and B nurses for East Pakistan's 45 million people.

In 1955, Mr. Shahabuddin, then Governor of East Pakistan, presided at graduation day exercises at Dacca Medical College Hospital School of Nursing. Noting that in 1951 (in that school) only 18 joined the profession and in 1952 seven, declared that the main reason was "the wrong idea that it was not quite dignified for girls as a profession." And any woman who takes it up may well forfeit her chance to marry! We may also add that the dearth of matriculation passed candidates also greatly limits the numbers able to join.

Although the majority of educated women today intend to marry immediately after graduation since tradition decrees this, when their daughters come tomorrow will they be willing to let them be nurses or teach a few years before marrying? Today a deep-rooted conservatism still exists in Bengali hearts regarding their women and thus they are caught between centuries old traditions and new ideals. East Pakistani women have accepted social responsibility since partition. Now there remains open before them the fields of professional service to their fellow countrymen claiming their kindness and devotion. Thus we realize that being a dedicated professional woman in Pakistan today brings additional responsibilities. If the dignity and joy which reward compassionate care for others radiate forth, more Pakistani women will be drawn to serve.

WOMEN OF TOMORROW

(*Continued from Page 107*)

succeed in educating their still illiterate sisters in their own sound principles, their voices will carry far beyond the confines of their own countries; it may well be that the whole world will have to listen.

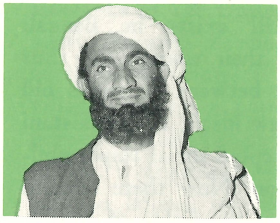
Condensed from Blackfriars, June 1958

say it in

PUSHTU

Sr. M. Daniel

Sister M. Pierre looked up in amazement. Her ears, attuned to the Urdu language, refused to transmit anything intelligible from the strange babble of sound that came softly but persistently across the counter of the Admission Desk at Holy Family Hospital at Rawalpindi, West Pakistan. Her eyes traveled all the way up the six feet or more of bearded humanity that faced her. The face was kind and gentle, but concerned. The pugri (turban) lent an air of dignity to the young features and relieved the shock of height.



Mulla Rahem Ullah, 6 ft. tall tribesman from the North-West Frontier, brought his wife, Zainor, 100 miles to the hospital.

Sister sent for one of the nurses from the Northern Provinces on the first floor in order to learn the needs of this unexpected visitor. Then she discovered the strange tongue was Pushtu, and the name of the owner of the tongue was Mulla Rahem Ullah. He was an Afghani and had come all the way from Parachnor Banu, 100 miles away on the North-West Frontier, to obtain medical aid for Zainoor, his wife, who had pain and a strange swelling in her abdomen. During the past *three years,* the swelling had increased until now it had reached its present unbearable proportions.

S. M. Pierre assures Zainoor, through an interpreter that the Sister doctor will be able to relieve the swelling and pain in her abdomen.

"But, where is your wife?" asked Sister M. Pierre through the nurse-interpreter. "She is here," was the reply as the eyes of Mulla Rahem Ullah indicated the vacant spot beside him. Deciding there must be someone else on the other side of the counter, Sister walked quickly around it. There she found Zainoor, who was sitting on the floor beside her towering husband. She was too weary from the journey, and the pain was too much to endure standing any longer. Sister lifted the long, dark veil and was surprised by the actual size of the swelling described by the Mulla. She called for the stretcher

Mulla Rahem Ullah bending over his wife after she came from the operating room. Whispering Pushtu words of comfort.

The Mulla all smiles, 12 days later, leaves for home with his wife who walks down the stairs!

bearers and ordered that Zainoor be taken to the emergency room. Then she rang for the doctor on call.

Later the Sister doctor told Mulla Rahem Ullah that his wife's symptoms indicated the need of an operation as soon as she recovered from the strain of the trip. Would he sign a statement of permission for the operation? Yes, he would give his permission for the Sister doctor to operate.

By this time, Zainoor was more or less comfortably installed in bed No. 3 of the ward. This high bed was very different from her usual low charpoy, but that did not concern her long. Zainoor's attention was drawn to the strange new world around her. There were 15 other women in this huge, world of a room. Just at this moment, all 15 pairs of eyes were fastened on Zainoor, the latest arrival. The questions asked by her interested neighbors fell unanswered because Zainoor could speak only Pushtu. Urdu and Punjabi meant nothing to her. How relieved she was to see her husband and the nurse approaching.

Mulla Rahem Ullah smiled at his thin, pale, 25-year old wife. He explained to Zainoor that the Sister doctor had told him the strange swelling could be reduced only by an operation, and that he had given his consent. Zainoor must do whatever the Sisters and nurses indicated.

A few days later found the Mulla pacing the corridors of Holy Family Hospital during visiting hours. Bed No. 3 was temporarily vacant. Zainoor had been taken to the O.R., and the operation was now in progress. Mulla Rahem Ullah confidently kept vigil, stopping only now and then to look out the window near the O.R. wing or to sit a while on the floor beside the rotunda outside the ward. His ready smile expressed silent appreciation to all who inquired or showed interest in him, but the pacing continued.

Finally the O.R. doors swung open, and a white cart with its burden emerged. Mulla Rahem Ullah followed it all the way to bed No. 3 and stood patiently and silently while Zainoor was returned to her bed and the I.V. stand adjusted. The nurses were busy taking her blood pressure when the Mulla heard the first sound from Zainoor. Quickly he was at her side whispering Pushtu words of comfort and gently smoothing her hair.

Through the nurse-interpreter, the Sisters told the Mulla of the huge cyst they had removed from Zainoor. The Mulla's eyes became round as saucers as his imagination tried to visualize such a strange sight. Tomorrow he would return and find that the effects of the anesthesia had worn off.

But for the hospital staff, there was a strange addition to the night report. The night supervisor reported that early in the night Zainoor began to sing and continued far into the night—in fact until 12:30 a.m.!

The next day found Mulla Rahem Ullah discussing the operation with his quiet but smiling Zainoor. Twelve days after their arrival, they walked down the stairs together ready to return to Parachnor Banu. The Sister doctor was on hand for a last bit of advice and to admire her coin bedecked traveling costume. Zainoor's face was still thin, but her smile gave ample proof of the relief that was hers and of her gratitude for a new lease on life. Other Afghani women must be told to come and receive the benefits of modern medicine.

خدا حافظ پاکستان!

(FAREWELL PAKISTAN)*

Sister M. Campion, S.R.N.

"Please give me some news to write about," I said to the Sisters as we were sitting around the table one Sunday afternoon writing our letters home. "I just can't seem to think of something new that's happened here."

Famous last words these proved to be! The next day I received a brief letter which informed me I was now assigned to Bombay! KARACHI to BOMBAY. Muslims to Hindus, Pakistan to India. "Here I am Lord," said I silently. "The whole world is your vineyard."

I knew I was going to miss Karachi, and never shall I forget those last two weeks there. If I had no news to write about before, I suddenly began to find it everywhere! Even the little donkeys seemed "news" as they jingled past our front gate with bells tied merrily to their knees, and how much more the haughty camel that "good ship of the desert" which goes about with its nose in the air "rising above" the rest of the traffic in the busy streets.

It would be a sad thing too, for me to leave all the little burkha-clad ladies who throng our clinic and point to their children as "Holy Family." Such lovely children they are, large dark eyes, darkened still more by the shadow of mascara from the day they are born. Solemnly they gaze at one, earrings, bangles, necklaces, little ladies dressed in the silwar, or baggy trousers, and draped with a fine muslin or gauze veil with which they cover their head so gracefully.

Another thing I would miss would be the daily calls to prayer which echo so plaintively through the Muslim city, especially the morning one at dawn, when most of the world is asleep, and we are rising to say our morning prayer, Prime. This dawn *Azan* or call to prayer from the minerets appropriately ends with the words "Prayer is better than sleep." And it is common to turn a corner in the hospital and suddenly trip over an old lady prostrate on the floor announcing "God is Great," or to see our chowkedar (gatekeeper) standing silently under the palm tree on our front lawn in the evening, hands crossed in prayer, the darkening sky making a perfect picture.

Then too there were our visits to little Sherif, a small boy whose mother and I had become fast friends ever since I nearly sat on her two-day old child! How was I to know the little one was buried under the quilt when she asked me to take a seat? Politely she gestured

* *Khuda Hafiz* "God be with you" is the farewell used in Pakistan.

Crowds receiving daily ration of milk at Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, W. Pakistan.

me away. Calmly she lifted the cover, and there she was, little Saida, all of three pounds, warm and moist in her little nest. She must have thrived on it, because she is now a healthy two-year old! We went there first because we were passing by one evening and the husband asked us to see his wife who had "fever." We went again and again because the family had now become our friends, and the sight of little Sherif running out from among the big water buffalos, calling, "Sister, Sister" and then pulling our hands to take us back to the little hut he called "home" was always a wonderful welcome. Sherif has bad eyes, and his mother is not well, but the courtesy and innate refinement of that little home is a lesson to be learned from the East.

Then too there were the fishermen. Big, burly men these, our friends from the first. Their wives and daughters are lovely women with a freshness and spontaneity which comes with living close to the sea. How they would dance for us, simple folk dances, clapping their hands and swaying to the sound of the waves in the distance and to the songs of the East from a group of women who beat out the time on an old drum at their feet.

We take our nurses there for a picnic sometimes, which they enjoy immensely. The fisherfolk give us one of their houses, and with all the chairs they can produce, some straw mats for the floor and a couple of string beds, it is ours for the day. At evening, when the fishing boat returns, everyone goes to see the catch and exclaim over it. Last time I went they had even caught a baby shark! The fish is taken to market daily by camel, and while waiting for the boat to come in the camels are washed in the sea. It is fun to watch them, groaning and objecting at first and then suddenly seeming to like the water! When one of the fishermen's family is sick, they pay us for the hospitalization in fish! Every morning there in our front lobby is either Ahmed, or Ali waiting to hear news of the sick one, and to give us the big fish at his feet!

But most of all I knew I would miss the nurses whose joys and sorrows I had shared these last three and a half years. And it was with the scent of their garlands of flowers around my neck that I waved good-bye to them, seeing the last one turn and become a speck in the distance. Thirty-six hours later I arrived in Bombay, and another great city of the East welcomed me to another Holy Family Hospital in its midst. Home again!

LETTER FROM A MEDICAL RECORD LIBRARIAN

DEAR SISTER:

So you would like to hear a little something about medical record work here in our Holy Family Hospital, West Pakistan. Well, I'm afraid it will seem very different to you in many ways from the United States. However, with just so many hours in the day, so much to do, and one pair of hands, that's what happens. However, taking all this into consideration, let me tell you how my system is set up here, why it can't be otherwise, and how effectively it works.

If I remember correctly a "Patients' File" is one of the four 'must' files in any well set up medical record department, a master file for patients' names. In this country, it is absolutely amazing how little names mean and how difficult it is to work with them. For many of our women, their name is the least important item in their lives and they will be called one thing by their husbands, another by their parents, another by their relatives and still another by their children. When they come to the hospital and are asked their names, it is often perplexing to them and they literally don't know how to answer! Strange but true. I may register a woman as Fatma Bibi but when the family comes to visit her, they ask, "Where have you put Bibi Jan?" Looking through the list of names I find no Bibi Jan. Then the questions begin and eventually by getting the husband's name, what the woman's trouble is, when she came for admission, etc., we'll finally arrive at the fact that Fatma Bibi is none other than Bibi Jan, just using her 'other' name.

Since this sort of thing prevails here, I have never attempted to set up a master file of patients' names. If they come for readmission and Doctor wants an old chart, I have to use other means to find it. Usually, a hospitalization is such a momentous event in most of these people's lives, that they keep some kind of record or a vivid memory of the occasion and can help find an old chart. They may not know the month, but they do remember that it was the rainy season or that repair work was going on in the ward or that the Doctor with the glasses took care of them, etc. — all little aids to discovering the exact time of their admission before. It's a great sport, believe me, but actually it works out better than it may sound. So then . . . my patients' file, although it is some-

thing that I will have to start eventually. I didn't even mention my daily discharge book which breaks down each day's discharges into the various services and then gives details of name, sex, race, religion, etc. . . . That is routine for you, too, I suppose, but also proves very helpful to me in finding old charts.

Next, my disease file . . . one drawer only with a few hundred cards. The doctors diagnose according to the Standard Nomenclature and I code accordingly. However, where your card of heart diseases, peptic ulcers, carcinomas, are filled frequently, I have to keep changing the malaria, typhoid fever, amoebic colitis, pulmonary and every kind of tuberculosis ones. I do not code secondary diagnoses only because I can't keep up with the work, much as I would like to do so. The many, many severe and almost unbelievable anemias, secondary to malaria, tuberculosis abdomen, and other things, would make a research program all its own. Operations are also kept on my cards but I'm certain you would find everything much more simple out here. We have more female surgery than male in this 230 bed hospital. It is a general hospital, for men, women, and children, but since Muslim women are not allowed to show their faces to strange men outside their own households, they are not free to go, as you and I would, to a male doctor. Actually, this was the reason that brought our particular Society into being . . . the need for women doctors, nurses, etc., so that the women of the East could feel free to come here for care and get it on a professional basis. For this reason, women and children make up the majority of our patients and, of course, that comes out in the type of work done. I am certain though, were we to compare our disease lists, that mine would have the stranger names and more tragic stories. Obstetrics is still a 'home affair' in most of the villages around and the things some of these women endure wouldn't make nice reading . . . three days in labor in the village, then carried in to us with a ruptured uterus. That sort of thing, so much of which is preventable. However, progress is being made and more and more of the women are coming for safe deliveries to the hospital. Our number of cases show a remarkable increase from year to year. This shows that people do see the difference and want good care.

After coding and entering each chart on its particular card, the final diagnosis is written in our Register and the chart filed away. 'Filed away' means stacked in piles of one hundred, placed in a protective cardboard box folder affair, and put numerically into file cupboards. The test of the whole business, of course, is whether or not I can produce an old chart quickly and with comparative ease when Doctor calls for it. My mark would be in the '90's' on this score, I think, so that isn't too bad. For the time being this is the best I can do. I do enjoy the work and have the cooperation of the administrator and doctors. I don't think many, if any, of the other hospitals around here have any kind of comparable system, except perhaps one in Lahore for whom I helped train a woman. The whole field of medicine and nursing is in a struggling stage, so medical records which are really a refinement, are bound to be behind. However, things are improving and I'm certain, records will be in the limelight before long.

Sister M. Pierre, R.R.L.

MISSION BOOKS

Sister M. Fabian, B. A.

THE KINGDOM WITHIN, by Genevieve Caulfield. Harper, N.Y., 1960. $4.00.

When Genevieve Caulfield was only 17, she heard of a law before the California legislature aimed at sending Japanese children to separate schools in the state. Indignant at the proposal, the young girl decided then and there to go to Japan and to work for the improvement of Japanese-American relations. A most laudable task under any circumstances became more significant, because its author is blind.

Overcoming the real and invented obstacles raised by her blindness, as well as the financial problem involved, took more than 10 years. During that time, Miss Caulfield and her mother, by taking Japanese students and diplomats into their home, endeavored to prepare themselves for their move to Japan.

The story of Miss Caulfield's life in Japan is an object lesson for our times. No "Ugly American" here, but a true representative of the principles for which our country stands.

The touching story of her adoption of a Japanese girl, Haruko, the love and devotion she gave to Haruko's husband and children on the death of her adopted daughter, her ceaseless love for the people of Japan through the war years spent as a semi-prisoner in Siam, all are more meaningful because true.

The beauty and significance of this book cannot be overestimated. A remarkable story of a truly remarkable woman, it will be enjoyed by all.

THE FLAME TREES OF THIKA, by Elspeth Huxley. Morrow & Co., N.Y., 1959. $4.00.

Miss Huxley tells of her childhood in Africa with a gracefulness that is delightful. She has managed to recapture the mood of the child who saw, participated, and yet at the same time lived in a distinctly different world than her elders.

As a child of six she went to Kenya with her parents to start a coffee plantation. Her father, a delightful if somewhat improvident gentleman, had an unusual ability for failing. Her mother was equally resourceful at managing in spite of it.

The people who made up the small community at Thika were as diverse as could be imagined, the irascible Boer farmer, the London socialite, the Kikuyu chieftain, and the proud Masai servants. Portraits are finely drawn. An unusual knowledge and understanding of Africa are united to the clear, direct vision of the child.

This is highly recommended for both informative and enjoyable reading.

KAMITI, by Richard St. Barbe Baker. Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N.Y., 1958. $3.00.

This strange and interesting tale is a combination of truth and fiction. Kamiti is an African boy of Kenya. The

first part of the book deals with his early life in his village. The Foreword by the Prime Minister of Ghana, Dr. Kwame Nkrumah, is a testimonial to the authenticity of the description. Kamiti is sent to study in England, and specializes in forestry. He turns to Kenya with a plan for reclaiming the desert area of his land by reforestation. This is the special interest of Mr. Baker, an authority on silviculture, and the founder, in Kenya, of the group mentioned in the book.

Of greatest interest is the description of life in village Africa, and the reaction of the western educated African to his past and his future.

The illustrations, fine engravings, add greatly to the enhancement of the book.

THE SYSTEMATIC DESTRUCTION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN CHINA, by Thomas J. Bauer. Maryknoll, N.Y., 1954. $1.00.

Though published six years ago, this study, one of Maryknoll's fine World Horizon Reports, is still of great value. The over-all plan used by the Communists in their attack on the Church is here outlined and explained. It does much to clarify the apparent success of the Communists, especially in regard to the accusations made against Sisters who conducted orphanages in China.

A fine discussion of the Three Autonomies Movement is included. This government organized movement urges self-rule, self-support, and self-propagation, and it is under this that the schismatic Chinese Church was established.

This book should do much to help Catholics to understand the true situation in China, and to encourage them to pray for their suffering brethren in that country.

JAPAN TODAY. Maryknoll, N. Y., 1959. $1.00.

This loose-leaf booklet is one of Maryknoll's "World Family of Peoples" series. It is intended primarily as an aid to grade school teachers of geography. Briefly, it covers the history and geography of Japan, the cultural background of the people, something of their beliefs, and a short discussion of the Catholic Church in Japan, all gauged for the grade school reading level.

Some pictures and charts for the bulletin board are included. Because of the size limitation, the treatment is neither comprehensive nor complete, but is a good supplement to the textbook. A bibliography of adult books will be of interest to the teacher.

R. I. P.

Please pray for our benefactors recently deceased:

Rev. Marion R. Batson, S.J., Patna, India
Rev. Patrick J. Haggerty, C.S.C., Scranton, Pa.
Rev. Stanislaus D. Kuszynski, C.S.C., Chicago, Ill.
Sister M. Mercedes, S.S.J., Flushing, N.Y.
Mr. John V. Amberg, Union City, N.J.
Mr. Timothy J. Costello, Cleveland, Ohio (Father of Sister M. Colette, S.C.M.M.)
Mrs. Vincenza Ferrara, Richmond Hill, L.I., N.Y.
Mr. Carl Jung, Brooklyn, N.Y.
Mrs. Blanche Laliberte, Worcester, Mass. (Mother of Sister M. Matthew, S.C.M.M.)
Mrs. Antonia Neumann, Garden City, N.Y. (Foundress, Medical Mission Sisters Auxiliary, Queens, N.Y.)
Mrs. T. E. Nichterlein, Philadelphia, Pa.
Mrs. Lorana Schapper, St. Albans, L.I., N.Y.
Mrs. Ann Ziegler, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

MEDICAL MISSIONS

attract without any

compulsion; they draw

from nearby and afar,

because like the

church and through the

church, they speak in

terms of mercy, of

healing and of hope.

Rev. Pierre Charles, S.J.

NEWS FROM

AFRICA Dr. Gfoeller Reports

The two and a half months of mission work make me feel like an old medical missionary. This may sound strange but I think it is due to the fact that I have gotten used to the daily routine and know my way around. I must say I like it very much. The medical work we do here is very satisfying, real work on sick people, on terrible diseases, many of which I only remember from lectures in medical school. But as the need is pushing hard one catches at least the essentials rather quickly.

The first couple of weeks I was quite overwhelmed by the severity and extent of these diseases and by the helplessness I felt in myself. I learn something every day. I must say it is a man's job and one knows for what one lives. One thing I like particularly is the minimum of paper work and nonmedical work which we do in comparison with the endless talking and writing one has to do in the European countries and the U.S.A. We can help a lot although we have no research building next door, but close contact with human beings full of disease. Tetanus, snakebites, malaria falciparia and many others I have never seen before, but now I have to manage them. The surgical work of the past would barely amount to what I could do in the short time I am here, which pleases me very much.

JOACHIM GFOELLER. M.D.,
Holy Family Hospital,
Berekum, Ghana, W. Africa

Blessing of new dispensary building at Holy Family Hospital, Mandar, India, by His Excellency, Archbishop N. Kujur, S.J., assisted by Jesuit's Provincial.

INDIA Too Late

A thirty-year old woman was carried in on a *charpoi* today. She had had her baby at home in the morning, but started bleeding heavily. Her mother, who attended her, immediately sent one of the older children out after the father, but he was working, and the child couldn't find him. By the time they got four other men together to carry the patient to the hospital, over an hour had elapsed. Then began the four-mile trek to the hospital. Their village is up in the hills and the first mile was rather rough country. Four miles probably doesn't sound like so much, but on foot carrying a heavy bed it is several hours' journey. It was 1:30 p.m. when they reached here, approxi-

(*Continued Page 130*)

OUR HOUSES

INDIA Sister M. Pascal Travels Again

Here I sit like a bird in the wilderness, on my way to Kodarma from New Delhi and already I have circled over one half of Bihar!

It all started in Moghul Sarai about 10:30 last night. The guard came and knocked on the door and told us that there had been a wreck on the Gaya route. Therefore we were being sent to Patna. So off to Patna we go to hitch up with a train going to Gaya. Needless to say we were over an hour and a half late and we detrained at Patna with no Gaya bound train in sight.

My companion, a Baptist missionary lady with 21 pieces of luggage, and I, began to survey the situation. We were informed that the next train left at 6:30 a.m. It being then 2:30 a.m., we gave the coolies a tip and they took us to a side track where the a.m. train was standing for the night. Aboard we climbed—all 21 pieces and my four—to settle down for the night.

It wasn't too bad as the mosquitoes dropped dead from the shock waves every time the switch engines blasted their horns when they passed us. Just like trying to grab a few winks in Coney Island on Saturday night!

At 7:00 a.m. we were cheerfully awakened by a man almost taking the door off the hooks. He was shaking it so hard that the whole bogie was moving. A half an hour, and ten passengers later, the train left right on schedule, one hour late.

After stopping at every cow track we reached Gaya in time for me to change trains for Tilaya. My coolies asked me to which Tilaya I wanted to go? This presented a problem, for I only know of one. Anyhow, I told them the one closest to Kodarma. Ha! that presented a problem for them! There they went down to the 20-yard line for a huddle! The captain gave the signals and the 12 red jerseys broke up for the play. Back came the answer, "The train for the other Tilaya will come at 1:00 p.m." So off to the waiting room we go.

Being as how my eyes were beginning to cross and shut at the same time, I decided a spot of black coffee was in order. Off I went to the tea shop which looked quite nice. As "Speedy" was filling my order I amused myself by looking at a mouse playing about my table. My tired eyes saw two mice, but I knew it was only one. Two cups of coffee later I still saw the mice.

On the way back to the waiting room I stopped by Enquiry to check the train time. "So sorry, madam, there has been a slight mishap and the 1:00 p.m. train will come about 2:00 p.m."

Believe me, if something doesn't come by 2:00 p.m. I'm striking out for the bus station! Well, what's twelve or thirteen hours delay here or there?

Five o'clock and still waiting! The bus situation is hopeless so I'm forced to wait for the train. Talk about being stranded! After a bit of tea and lunch —my spirits were much better! If the train is not here in 15 minutes, I'm

going to spend the night with the Nazareth Sisters. One of the coolies has heard of them. Everyone I ask wants to send me to the "National Academy"—whatever that is.

We reached Tilaya at 9:20 p.m. and of course no one was there to meet me, one never knows when the train will come! So I phoned. Poor Sisters, they had come to greet their new superior at the Kodarma station at 3:00 a.m.

Next time I'll come by bullock cart!

SISTER M. PASCAL, B.S.N., *Holy Family Hospital, Kodarma, India*

Too Late (Continued)

mately six or seven hours later. They came as fast as they could and all four men were dripping with perspiration when they set the bed down, but their trip had been in vain — the woman was dead on arrival. When Doctor said she was dead the woman's father, who had helped carry the makeshift stretcher, just sat down and cried. I felt rather like crying myself. They had come so far to seek our help and then we were as helpless as they, in the face of death. The need is great.

SR. M. SUZANNA, R.N., A.A.J.M. *Hospital, Thuruthipuram, S. India*

VENEZUELA — Visit to Oil Refinery

Recently Mr. Wynne took us for a personally conducted tour of the Creole Refinery. He explained how the oil comes up from Maracaibo to the Amuay refinery, how when it arrives it is already warm from the dry, hot sand. It hasn't rained here in four years. It is then immediately heated up, passed into a gigantic maze of pipes and valves as the heating process continues, different fraction or products are thrown off at different levels. These are reprocessed or sent on for use as such. There is a special section for the production of the highest octane gasoline available. There is only one other of its type in the world that has not blown itself to bits. Mr. Wynne is a stickler for safety and his theory is cleanliness is a *must* as an indicator of the work and carefulness of the employees. The refinery literally "shines." We went to see the unique storage pits — just a "hole in the ground" that holds 9,000,000 barrels of oil! They claim to have the fastest leading system there is. The refinery can process 30,000 barrels of oil a day.

SISTER M. BENEDICTA, R.M.T., *Sagrada Familia Hospital, Judibana, Venezuela*

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Graduation Day

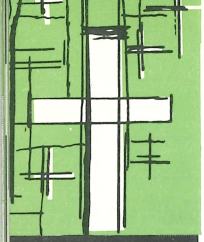
Graduation for these Sisters is a real commencement. Their education was a preparation for their future work for the sick in the missions. It is also a time for gratitude . . . especially to those who made their education possible. *Vouchsafe O Lord to reward with eternal life all those who do us good.*

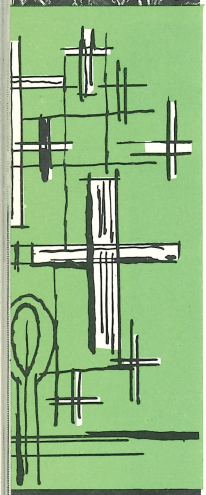
Sr. M. Malachy (Coughlin) graduated from Misericordia Hospital School of Nursing, Philadelphia, Pa.

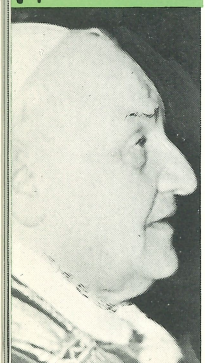
Sr. M. Eileen (Castellini) (left) and Sr. M. Cleophas (Lasche), B.S. in Nursing, Georgetown Univ., Wash., D.C.

Sister M. Geraldine (Pellowski) graduated from Misericordia Hospital School of Nursing, Philadelphia, Pa.

Sr. M. Augustina (Dolan), M.D. (left) St. Louis Univ. School of Medicine, and Sr. Maria Goretti (Travaline), B.S.N. from the School of Nursing, St. Louis, Mo.







THE ECUMENICAL COUNCIL

CATHOLIC AND APOSTOLIC

SISTER M. CUTHBERT, M. A.

"Workers of the world, unite!," wrote Karl Marx more than 100 years ago, and still the same call goes out from Russia to Africa, from China to all Asia and Latin America. The message itself rings true but the Communist call does not go far enough nor deep enough nor to the heart of the matter.

"Workers of the world, unite!" This call or vocation first came to mankind from God the Creator who made man in His own image and likeness and invited him to collaborate by the work of his hands and heart and mind in bringing creation to completion. It came again from God the Redeemer Who, having paid the price of redemption, made us all co-workers to achieve the effects of our freedom in the whole world. And the Church continues Christ's call down the ages.

If the Communist call receives an enthusiastic answer from all parts of the world, if men cannot see that bread alone will not solve their problems, if they cannot understand that all of us are workers, the doctor as much as the coal miner and the priest as much as the bricklayer, if they cannot recognize that only with the help of God can mankind unite constructively and permanently — maybe this is because we who are Catholic Christians have not really heeded the Church's call to unite.

"Workers of the world, unite" is also Pope John XXIII's message in calling the Ecumenical Council. We are the workers and the work is the redemption of the world. Not one of us can save his soul in splendid isolation. Our task is to save the world together, together with the Vicar of Christ and the hierarchy of the Church, together with all Christians striving towards the redemption of the world, together even with all men of good faith striving to build a naturally good world in which we know the redemption can find fulfillment.

We cannot be Catholic without being apostolic, nor apostolic without being truly united throughout the world.

Credo

FAITH without Good Works

is dead

And the lives of many people in Karachi, West Pakistan, depend upon the good works of your faith.

MEDICAL MISSION SISTERS, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

Dear Sisters:

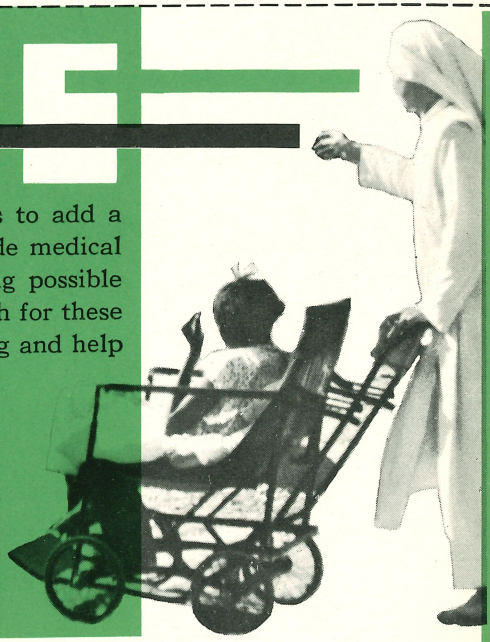
Here is my gift $_____ for your new wing in Karachi.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Holy Family Hospital, Karachi, desperately needs to add a 50-bed wing to enlarge its capacity to help provide medical care for this overcrowded city. Your help, making possible another bed in the hospital, may mean life *not* death for these people. Sign your name on the wing and help us to see its completion soon.



Gertie hopefully watches the progress of the new wing.

Mary in the Gospels

AND MARY SAID:

"My soul extols the Lord; and my spirit leaps for joy in God my Savior.
How graciously He looked upon His lowly maid!
Oh, behold, from this hour onward age after age will call me blessed!
How sublime is what He has done for me—the Mighty One, whose name is 'Holy'!
From age to age He visits those who worship Him in reverence.
His arm achieves the mastery: He routs the haughty and proud of heart;
He puts down princes from their thrones, and exalts the lowly;
He fills the hungry with blessings, and sends away the rich with empty hands.
He has taken by the hand His servant Israel, and mercifully kept his faith
—as He had promised our fathers—with Abraham and his posterity forever and evermore." Luke 1: 46-55.

(One of a series)